

my troth, we that haue good wits, haue much to answer for: we shall be flouting: we cannot hold.

*Will.* Good eu'n *Audrey*.

*And.* God ye good eu'n *William*.

*Will.* And good eu'n to you Sir.

*Clo.* Good eu'n gentle friend. Couer thy head, couer thy head: Nay prethee bee couer'd. How olde are you Friend?

*Will.* Five and twentie Sir.

*Clo.* A ripe age: Is thy name *William*?

*Will.* *Williams*, sir.

*Clo.* A faire name. Was't borne i'th Forrest heere?

*Will.* I sir, I thanke God.

*Clo.* Thanke God: A good answer:

Art rich?

*Will.* Faith sir, so, so.

*Clo.* So, so, is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not, it is but so, so:

Art thou wife?

*Will.* I sir, I haue a prettie wit.

*Clo.* Why, thou saist well. I do now remember a saying: The Foole doth thinke he is wise, but the wiseman knowes himselfe to be a Foole. The Heathen Philosopher, when he had a desire to eate a Grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth, meaning thereby, that Grapes were made to eate, and lippes to open. You do loue this maid?

*Will.* I do sir.

*Clo.* Giue me your hand: Art thou Learned?

*Will.* No sir.

*Clo.* Then learne this of me, To haue, is to haue. For it is a figure in Rhetoricke, that drink being pow'd out of a cup into a glasse, by filling the one, doth empty the other. For all your Writers do consent, that *ipse* is hee: now you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

*Will.* Which he sir?

*Clo.* He sir, that must marrie this woman: Therefore you Clowne, abandon: which is in the vulgar, leaue the societie: which in the boorish, is compaignie, of this female: which in the common, is woman: which together, is, abandon the society of this female, or Clowne thou perishest: or to thy better vnderstanding, dyest; or (to wit) I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy libertie into bondage: I will deale in poyson with thee, or in baffinado, or in Steele: I will bandy with thee in faction, I will ore-run thee with ipolice: I will kill thee a hundred and fifty wayes, therefore tremble and depart.

*And.* Do good *William*.

*Will.* God rest you merry sir.

Exit

Enter *Corin*.

*Cor.* Our Master and Mistresse seekes you: come away, away.

*Clo.* Trip *Audrey*, trip *Audrey*, I attend, I attend.

Exeunt

### Scena Secunda.

Enter *Orlando* & *Oliuer*.

*Orl.* Is't possible, that on so litle acquaintance you should like her & that, but seeing, you should loue her?

And louing woo? and wooing, she should graunt? And will you perseuer to enioy her?

*Ol.* Neither call the giddinesse of it in question; the pouertie of her, the small acquaintance, my sodaine wooing, nor sodaine consenting: but say with mee, I loue *Aliena*: say with her, that she loues mee; consent with both, that we may enioy each other: it shall be to your good: for my fathers house, and all the reuennew, that was old Sir *Roland*s will I estate vpon you, and heere liue and die a Shepherd.

Enter *Rosalind*.

*Orl.* You haue my consent.

Let your Wedding be to morrow: thither will I Inuite the Duke, and all's contented followers:

Go you, and prepare *Aliena*; for looke you,

Heere comes my *Rosalinde*.

*Ros.* God saue you brother.

*Ol.* And you faire sister.

*Ros.* Oh my deere *Orlando*, how it greenes me to see thee weare thy heart in a scarfe.

*Orl.* It is my arme.

*Ros.* I thought thy heart had bene wounded with the clawes of a Lion.

*Orl.* Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a Lady.

*Ros.* Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to found, when he shew'd me your handkercher?

*Orl.* I, and greater wonders then that.

*Ros.* O, I know where you are: nay, tis true: there was neuer any thing so sodaine, but the fight of two Rammes, and *Cesar*s Thraconicall bragge of I came, saw, and ouercome. For your brother, and my sister, no sooner mer, but they look'd: no sooner look'd, but they lou'd; no sooner lou'd, but they sigh'd: no sooner sigh'd, but they ask'd one another the reason: no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedie: and in these degrees, haue they made a paire of flaires to marriage, which they will climbe incontinent, or else bee incontinent before marriage: they are in the verie wrath of loue, and they will together. Clubbes cannot part them.

*Orl.* They shall be married to morrow: and I will bid the Duke to the Nuptiall. But O, how bitter a thing it is, to looke into happines through another mans eyes: by so much the more shall I to morrow be at the height of heart heauinesse. by how much I shal thinke my brother happie, in hauing what he wishes for.

*Ros.* Why then to morrow, I cannot serue your turne for *Rosalind*?

*Orl.* I can liue no longer by thinking.

*Ros.* I will weare you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then (for now I speake to some purpose) that I know you are a Gentleman of good conceits: I speake not this, that you should beare a good opinion of my knowledge: inso much (I say) I know you are contented do I labor for a greater esteeme then may in some little measure draw a beleefe from you, to do your selfe good, and not to grace me. Beleeue then, if you please, that I can do strange things: I haue, since I was three yeare old, conuerst with a Magitian, most profound in his Art, and yet not damnable. If you do loue *Rosalinde* so neere the hart, as your gesture cries it out: when your brother marries *Aliena*, shall you marrie her, I know it: to what straights of Fortune she is driuen, and it is, not impossible to me, if it appeare not inconuenient to you.

to see her before your eyes to morrow, humane as she is, and without any danger.

*Orl.* Speak't thou in sober meanings?

*Ros.* By my life I do, which I tender deerly, though I say I am a Magitian: Therefore put you in your best array, bid your friends: for if you will be married to morrow, you shall: and to *Rosalind* if you will.

Enter *Siluius* & *Phebe*.

Looke, here comes a Louer of mine, and a loue of hers. *Phe.* Yorth, you haue done me much vngentlenesse, To shew the letter that I writ to you.

*Ros.* I care not if I haue: it is my studie

To seeme despihtfull and vngentle to you:

you are there followed by a faithful shepheard,

Looke vpon him, loue him: he worships you.

*Phe.* Good shepheard, tell this youth what 'tis to loue

*Sil.* It is to be all made of sighes and teares,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of faith and seruice,

And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And I for no woman.

*Sil.* It is to be all made of fantasie,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes,

All adoration, dutie, and obseruance,

All humblenesse, all patience, and impatience,

All puritie, all triall, all obseruance:

And so am I for *Phebe*.

*Phe.* And so am I for *Ganimed*.

*Orl.* And so am I for *Rosalind*.

*Ros.* And so am I for no woman.

*Phe.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Sil.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Orl.* If this be so, why blame you me to loue you?

*Ros.* Why do you speake too, Why blame you mee to loue you.

*Orl.* To her, that is not heere, nor doth not heare.

*Ros.* Pray you no more of this, 'tis like the howling

of Irish Wolues against the Moone: I will helpe you

if I can: I would loue you if I could: To morrow meet

me altogether: I will marrie you, if euer I marrie Woman,

and Ile be married to morrow: I will satisfie you,

if euer I satisfi'd man, and you shall bee married to morrow.

I wil content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shal be married to morrow: As you loue

*Rosalind* meet, as you loue *Phebe* meet, and as I loue no

woman, Ile meet: so fare you wel: I haue left you commands.

*Sil.* Ile not faile, if I liue.

*Phe.* Nor I.

*Orl.* Nor I.

Exeunt.

### Scena Tertia.

Enter *Clowne* and *Audrey*.

*Cl.* To morrow is the ioyfull day *Audrey*, to morrow will we be married.

*And.* I do desire it with all my heart: and I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a woman of y world?

Heere come two of

1. *Pa.* Wel met

*Clo.* By my troth

2. *Pa.* We are fo

1. *Pa.* Shal we cl

or spitting, or sayin

prologues to a bad v

2. *Pa.* I faith, y

gipsies on a horse.

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*Clo.* Truly you

great matter in the c

1. *Pa.* you are de

our time.

*Clo.* By my troth

such a foolish song.

voies. Come Aud

thing.

See

Enter Duke S

do,

*Du. Sen.* Dost th

Can do all this that

*Orl.* I sometime

As those that feare t

Enter *Ros*

*Ros.* Patience on

You say, if I bring it

You will bestow her

*Du. Se.* That would

*Ros.* And you say

*Orl.* That would

*Ros.* You say, you

*Phe.* That will I,

*Ros.* But if you de

You'l giue your selfe

*Phe.* So is the bar

*Ros.* You say that

*Sil.* Thought to ha

thing.